THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

OL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, April* 23, 1808. [No. 27.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 119.

TO THE WANDERER.

HAVING read your 117th mber published in the Emerald March 5th, with suitable care d attention, and, feeling a strong nviction of its excellence and rit; I cannot in justice refuse u my poor tribute of applause. There are some things, however, he number I allude to, which, I am an illiterate person, are her above my comprehension. u are pleased to assert in the t paragraph of your essay, that *ttention was not given to complaints, en there was no cause of complain-*, we should pass through the rld with the surliness of stoics.— you are a *Wanderer*, and collect- of wisdom, you can probably form me how an attention to *un-nded* complaints, serves to refine r manners, and correct and soft- down the natural asperities and rage roughness of the human art.—From the concluding sen- ce in the same first paragraph, which you observe that if we do t attend to unfounded complaints, shall "retain no *other* mark of ilized life than the *rude depravity* the cynic disposition :"—one would be led to imagine you had the same idea of refinement of the whimsical Hibernian, who on travelling into a foreign country, exclaimed on seeing a lofty gallows with a man hung in chains upon it, that it was "the *only* sign of *civilization* he had met with in the Kingdom."—I shall feel myself eternally indebted to you, if you will condescend to inform me when "*rude depravity*" first became a "mark of civilized life."

I shall pass over the dull obscurity of the second paragraph, in which you are pleased to pronounce your own panegyric ;—and proceed to point out a sentence, which for its *beauty of sentiment*, and *soft harmony of language*, (to say nothing of the delightful play upon words;) I cannot but admire ;—and which deserves to be studied by all who would learn eloquence and wisdom from the Wanderer.—"Modesty is now so laughed out of countenance, except that merit *blushes for the ladies*, the Wanderer can find no occasion to regard *blushing merit*."—I shall leave it to your sapience to explain the meaning of this *wise and learned sentence* in future numbers. All the words which compose it, seem to play into each others hands, like a group of cunning old Dowagers at the Loo-Table.

Permit me now to entreat you not to put the ladies in "*black and white*," (as you beautifully express yourself) until you are better ac-

quainted with them ; or make them figure "*even in dishabille*,"—lest you provoke them to exhibit you in your *morning-gown*.—

Your obedient servant.

CAROLINE.

P.S. Please to explain what you mean by the following observation; "female worth is not noticed, because delicacy and tenderness are vital to its character."—I can readily believe you were much "younger" than "Hannibal" when you devoted yourself to the service of the God of dullness ;—and no one who has read your essays can question for a moment your having kept your vow with religious faith and fidelity ;—for although you do not, properly speaking, often laugh yourself, you are most certainly *a fruitful cause of laughter* in other people.—You will please to excuse this postscript, when you consider it is generally the concluding part of a lady's letter.

Thus far Caroline. The Wanderer relaxes the gravity of his character to turn gallant. He is happy in being able thus to introduce her ladyship into public company. Her style is indeed rather awkward; But his friends will excuse it. It is her first appearance.

Caroline should not quote a passage for ridicule without quoting accurately. She may else give rise to the suggestion, that it becomes ridiculous by becoming her own. "If attention were *no oftener* given to complaints than cause for complaining, we should pass through the world with the surliness of stoics;" implying the *infrequency* of the causes given for complaining, compared with the number of complaints. Who does not know how infinitely our *imagined* exceed our *real* evils? The voice of complaint is the voice of human nature ; and he who can pass through the world without listening to its cries, except when they arise from reality of suffering, may have the deafness of philosophy to frailty, but has none of those sympathies which should arise from the consciousness of weakness, is unblessed with the kindred feelings of humanity, and destitute of that refinement of charity, which "*is kind*." Would Caroline know, "how attention to *unfounded* complaints serves to refine our manners?" Ask him, whose complaints are disregarded ! Ask the physician who leaves some innocent prescription for a querulous patient, when in plain, but vulgar English, *nothing is the matter with him !*

The instance of the Hibernian is in point, and the Wanderer has thus far the same ideas of refinement, that he perfectly agrees with the Irishman in thinking the gout a "*sign of civilization*." Owing to the *real* evils of human nature, society could hardly exist without this "*sign of civilization*."

But when did the rude depravity of the *cynic* disposition first become a mark of civilized life? The allusion and the answer is obvious. When the *cynic* sect first arose.

With respect to the remark "Female worth," if the reader will take the trouble to refer to the number, in which it occurs, he will find it amply explained by the context.

Caroline is advised not to paint herself in black and white, until she is better acquainted with the business. She makes a sorry figure *thus in dishabille*.

It is remarked in some biography of Socrates, that that philosop

ate a whole night, in stedfast contemplation, without suffering his eyes to wink, as a lesson of patience. A test of this virtue far more effectual is to sit a whole hour and be laughed at. The Wanderer, it seems, has gone beyond the philosopher, and outdone Socrates at sitting.

ACCOUNT OF MODERN NAPLES.

From Kotzbue's Travels in Italy.

At Naples every thing is different om what any inhabitant of a more orthern climate conceives of a own. I may describe Naples, says ur author, as one large house, ith a vast number of inhabitants ; nd the particular houses as mere hambers : for, sleeping excepted, very thing passes in the streets at is in other countries done with- doors. All artisans and mechans not merely have open stalls, t they carry out their tables and hatever else they want for their ade, and work in the public streets; that we see and hear knocking, mmering, sawing, weaving, fil- g, planing, frizzing, shaving, and thousand other processes, the hole day. The eating-house-keep- plucks and roasts chickens, and ils and fries fish, in the street ; hile his hungry customers stop, d gratify their appetites. To ench their thirst they need only a few steps further to one of numerous water-sellers, who ve their stalls also in the street. ese last stalls are so singular as deserve a particular description; to make the subject very clear, m afraid will not be in my pow-

Before the table where the man nds to serve his customers, four painted and gilt stakes are fixed up at the corners, joined on the top by cross bars ; and the extremity of these bars towards the street is decorated in various manners, some of which would elsewhere be thought rather licentious, but are here passed with indifference. They bear also the images of saints ; and have a couple of small flags on both sides, with spaces filled up with bouquets of lemons nailed on. The first sight of this puts us in mind of the Chinese. The tapster has on each side of him a long cask in the form of a drum; through the middle of which an iron rod runs, so that it may be inclined upwards or downwards as he pleases. These casks contain fine clear water and ice. The fore part of the table is covered with glasses and lemons. Round such booths there are always customers, more or fewer ; but they are sometimes so numerous as to inclose it in a double or triple circle. The extraordinary ease with which the sellers dispatch this crowd, is truly admirable. They tip their casks to the right and to the left, fill the glass, squeeze a little lemon-juice into it, give it to the person, take the money, and lay some of it out again, &c. all in an instant. In observing them for a long time, they appear almost a sort of machine worked by springs. In hot weather the crowd is said to be indiscribable, notwithstanding the immense number of these booths. They are lighted in the evening by eight, ten, or twelve lamps each. The price of this beverage is one of the smallest copper coins. It has a pretty appearance to see the crystal water pearling in the glass, and the ice cooling it. There is also much cleanliness observed, which is a thing very unusual in other mat-

ters : the seller rinses the glasses always beforehand. Besides these men with booths, here are many water-sellers, who cry about their commodity the whole day, and have in like manner a constant supply of clean glasses.

Eating and drinking are the first and most important concern of the populace. In Naples this is so carefully provided for, that we cannot go ten paces without meeting with some arrangements fitted to supply these two necessities in a moment. Here stand great kettles full of dressed maccaroni, with cheese scattered over it, and the surface decorated with small pieces of golden apple, as it is called. The ability of consuming a great portion of this article must be learned from the Neapolitians ; for as the maccaronies are an ell in length, they must be held by the thumb and fore-finger, with the neck bent back and the mouth stretched open, and thus let down into the throat. Strangers usually cut them in pieces with a knife and fork, and then eat them with spoons; but this is quite against the national custom. The maccaronies are here very simply prepared, with broth and cheese ; and taste incomparably better than those which I have found in other places. They are here, however, as through all Italy, generally too little boiled ; the rice, pealed grain, &c. are all hard, and scarcely eatable by a foreigner.—I once stopped as a taylor's wife was boiling her maccaroni in the street. She had turned a mortar upside down, and placed a pot on it that held a fire of burning sticks : over this flame stood her kettle. When the water began to boil, she seized a parcel of maccaronies, thrust them to the bottom of the pot, and kept them down till they were rendered flexible b nd I the hot water : she then let th ura whole swim about. I looked hen my watch. She left the victua r :— to boil up for five minutes, poure fro off the water, put to it broth, a mme cheese upon it, and the dinner w nd h then ready. In the mean time mev neighbour had risen from his se vist of work, and, without asking pe hich mission, lighted his pipe at the lit rm, fire ; the whole apparatus was ld t so threatened for a moment wi lves total destruction by a hog and en b loaded ass. It is truly entertaini es a to witness this medley of scenes the the street. eat

Epicures sometimes mix live to i of chickens with their maccaro mes which render it delicious in the e fas treme. But I have confined mys hole at present to the populace, w ver have also other favourite dishes b ersi sides this grand national one. pera mong these must be reckoned bea em and peas, which are in like mann hich boiled in great kettles, that invi ste the passengers to turn aside ; a a v also Turkish corn, the ears rs h which are boiled in water just rs; they grow, without any prepar eir tion. This last is indeed the mo he common diet, and in the least peni pute ; but it must be very nut fi tive, and I have frequently se out beggars devouring it eagerly. N eith only the grains of it are eaten, b It the meat likewise that encirc ith them, which is softened by boilin r sa

A second very rich source nab nutriment is found in the endl mm number and variety of sea-fis own which are sold and consumed nd the streets either boiled, roaste s t or raw. I cannot describe all t t f grotesque forms they prese e r Some shell-fish are in the form e s a horse-chesnut, with prickles; a ot others look like knife-handles of der gate. Both sorts are eaten ra nt

nd I think it must require some urage for consuming the latter hen eaten in the following man- r :—their shells are first squeez- from the back part, when they mediately put out their heads nd half their bodies in a manner mewhat similar to snails, and vist themselves about like leeches, hich they very much resemble in rm, but not in colour. When ld to a plate they attach them- lves to it with their heads, which en become broader. Two small es are clearly to be distinguished the head. Whoever is disposed eat this fish, must bite directly to its head, as soon as that part mes out of the shell; and holding fast in this manner, draw out the hole body. I confess that I have ver been able to overcome my ersion for performing such an peration. Some, however, stew em in their shells like oysters; in hich state I have attempted to ste them, but found their flesh a very sickly sweet.—The oys- rs here are also in immense num- rs; but they are very small, and eir taste is by no means fine. he fishermen have a custom of ening them, and putting four five into one shell to make a outhful; but this practice is ither cleanly nor inviting.

It is usual for these men to sit ith their stock (called *sea-fruit*) r sale on the beach; where fash- nable companies assemble on the mmer evenings to eat fish, sitting wn to small tables which they nd ready spread. The fisherman s then his variety of *sea-fruit* set t for shew, from which every e may suit his fancy. But as e space used for this purpose is t very large, it is necessary to der a table before-hand to pre- nt a disappointment.

Vegetables and fruit of every kind, are, it appears, abundant at Naples, nor do the populace want for what they conceive greater luxuries. Under my window, observes our traveller, for example, stands a man with a table before him, to one corner of which a pole is fastened, with a thick iron nail of about six feet long projecting from it. The man kneads on his table a dough of maize flour, and sweetens it plentifully with black honey. He then pulls out the dough, which at this time looks very black, into a long roll; seizes the ends with his two hands, and strikes it with all his force over the thick rail till it becomes first yellow, and by degrees perfectly white. He now cuts it into small pieces, throws it into a pan with boiling oil, and in a few minutes the delicious substance is fried. The rabble catch up every morsel with avidity; and a number of greedy customers commonly surround the stall, watching the whole process with eager expectation till it is finished A stranger might indeed find some difficulty in making an instantaneous trial of this dish; but he need only go a few paces further to the booth of a gingerbread-maker, and he will at all times find excellent little cakes filled partly with fruit and partly with *ricotta*, which I can assure him from experience would not disgrace a princely table. Ricotta is a sort of curds, or soft cheese; which is sold in small baskets with vine-leaves put over them.

It is well known that cheese is an article of importance with the Italians in general; but all sorts of Neapolitan cheese are good for nothing. Some are very sharp tasted; but most of them are quite insipid. The commonest are in

the form of a small round pilgrim's flask; and are hung on packthread, in which manner the whole booth is usually garnished with them. On cutting into this sort, it looks exactly as if it lay inclosed in a bladder, for it has a tolerable thick skin over it resembling that membrane. The inside is very tough, and has no taste. The buffalo cheeses are very similar to these, and will stretch like leather.

A custom, which I have met with no where else, is the manner of selling milk. The cow is led by its owner from house to house; and whoever wants milk sends out a servant, who milks from the cow before the door as much as the family has occasion for.

Besides these cows, there are also a number of calves that wander about the city, but for a very different purpose. They belong to the monks of St. Francis; who not only, in idleness, get their own bellies filled by the people, but also commit the protection of this livestock to their good nature. For that purpose nothing more is necessary, than to put a small square board on the forehead of the calf, with the figure of St. Francis painted on it. Provided with this, the animals walk about uncontrolled, devour as much as they can, and sleep where they choose, without any one venturing to prevent them. On the contrary, if one of them should happen to enter a great house, and lie down there to sleep, the occupier thinks it a fortunate omen.—It is incredible to what a height the monks carry their impudence here; which is in fact exceeded by nothing but the stupidity of the people.

From some subsequent observations we collect, that at Naples meat is good and cheap, as is bread; but that the wine is bad, and of a sickly taste.

Speaking of the fine buildi in the streets of Toledo, our auth says, were all the streets of Na like this one, and the grand bu ings doubled in number and m nificence, it would still deserve name of a wretched city as long it is crowded with beggars, wh number defies all calculation. feel it indeed a fruitless task my pen to attempt a descript of the scenes I have witnesse and I lay it down in despair. no: what I can tell, is as much need be known of human mise As we step out of our house, tw ty hats and open hands are stret ed out towards us. We can take ten steps in the street with meeting a beggar, who crosses path, and with groans and pite exclamations solicits our mi Women, often dressed in black and veiled, obtrude themselves i pudently upon us. Cripples of sorts suddenly hold their stump an arm or a leg close to our ey Noseless faces, devoured by disea grin at us. Children quite nak nay, not unfrequently even m are to be seen lying and moani in the dirt. A dropsical man by a wall, and shews us his mo strous belly. Consumptive mo ers lie by the road side, with nak children in their laps, who are co pelled to be continually crying loud. If we go to church, must pass between a dozen su deplorable objects at the door; a when we enter, as many more down on their knees before us. ven in our own dwelling we not free from the painful spectac If we open the balcony-door, sighs re-echo in onr ear from belo Monks intrude themselves into chamber, and beg of us while th

r us a plate of fruit; and the g's gardener will do the same der the pretext of giving us a ular fruit purloined from the al hot-houses.

On taking a view of all these rors, one cannot restrain a smile bitter contempt at the proud politan proverb: "You must Naples, and die." Some years an attempt was made to abol- the system of beggary; and this purpose a command was is- for taking up all beggars, and rying them to the great poor- se, which is large enough to many thousands. But the ntenance of so many people n brought together, was a ll circumstance which had been looked. Much, no doubt, had calculated on the charitable voluntary contributions of the politans; which, in the begin- indeed, were very liberal. this scheme experienced the of all similar projects, founded on the precarious support of viduals: for nothing wearies on as charity. The contra- ons feH off. The unfortunate ches were shut up by five hun- s in large halls, without vic- or occupation: diseases gain- round among them: one ran after another, without ob tion: the beggars were no e apprehended; and every returned to its former state.

(To be continued.)

BON MOT OF PLATO.

he philosopher seeing a young drinking water and eating at the door of an inn, who consumed his substance by an vagant life, whispered in his "If you had *dined* in your pres- manner formerly, you would have had so bad a *supper*."

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

COMPARISON OF THE ANCIENT WITH THE MODERN GREEKS.

From Thornton's Present State of Turkey.

Can men, who, "in the revolution of ten centuries, made not a single discovery to exalt the dignity, or promote the happiness of mankind; who held in their lifeless hands, the riches of their fathers, without inheriting the spirit which had created and improved that sacred patrimony;" and have since lain, "vanquished and weltering," through the long space of three hundred and fifty years, lost even to the love of liberty or the faculty of employing it; can such men suddenly recover from the stupor of so tremendous a fall, and emulate the virtues of their remote and illustrious ancestors? If indeed they be the descendants of the ancient Greeks; how fallen, how changed from those, who, alone in the whole history of man, have left one bright page, have illustrated one short period, and have held up to the insatiable admiration of posterity the only models of human nature which approach to perfection. Who are the modern Greeks? and whence did Constantine collect the mixed population of his capital; the herd of dogmatists, and hypocrites, whom ambition had converted to the new religion of the court? Certainly not from the families which have immortalized Attica and Laconia. They never sprang from those Athenians, whose patriotic ardour could not wait the tardy approach of the Persian army, but impelled them over the plains of Marathon,

to an unpremeditated charge, whereby they forced the superior numbers of an invading enemy to seek refuge in the sea. The lofty spirit of Athenian independence could not brook the mild yoke of Persian despotism: they refused to dishonour the soil of Attica by offering the smallest particle of it as a tribute to a foreign sovereign; though their enlightened patriotism could upon a great emergency, rise superior even to the natural attachment, which so powerfully bind men to their native soil: they abandoned their city, with the temples of their deities, and the tombs of their ancestors, to the fury of the barbarians, and embarked on board their navy, what really constituted the Athenian commonwealth, the whole of the Athenian citizens.

From Athens and the borders of the Ilissus, the seat of literature and science, even when arms were wrested from the hands of its citizens, the invitation of Constantine attracted no philosopher. The capital, with all its allurements of splendor and luxury, could not come in competition with the more enchanting impressions of groves and gardens consecrated to philosophy and science: and they continued to study doctrines of the Porch, the Lyceum, and the Academy, on the same ground where they were first promulgated, until Theodosius finally expelled them. Still less can the modern Greeks be supposed the descendants of the citizens of Sparta, of those ferocious warriors to whom a state of actual warfare was repose, when compared with the intervals of hostility, spent in gymnastic exercises and the most fatiguing duties of the military life. Formed by the rigid observance of the laws of Lycurgus, and animated with the warmest enthusiasm of real patriotism, Leonidas and his small illustrious band with deliberate resolution, devote their lives at Thermopylæ for the freedom of Greece. But the Spartans were the terror of all the neighbouring states, except those who were their dependant allies. At length the devouring fire of their valour consumed itself: and long before the seat of government was removed from Rome to Constantinople, the Spartan families, if not wholly extinct, could no longer be distinguished among the mass of submissive subjects of the Roman empire.

The climate of Greece has been supposed to be peculiarly favourable to the birth and expansion of talents; but it seems unreasonable to ascribe to climate or physical constitution, effects which cannot be the result of any organization. The Athenians indeed were peculiarly characterized by a quick and accurate perception of beauty and defect, by a delicate and distinguishing taste. But taste is less the gift of nature, than the effect of study. Demosthenes addressed his eloquent discourses to the general assembly, composed of the Athenian populace; the poets enriched the Athenian stage with the sublime and most pathetic tragedies; the labours of the statuary and architect, were submitted to the judgment of the people: and they presided over the public exhibitions of strength, skill, and agility. They were early formed in the gymnasia and public schools, to the contemplation of beauty and grace; every citizen was ambitious to excel in the exercises at the public games, in oratory at the general assembly, in music and dancing on their public festivals. Drawing and the

design formed essential parts the public education; and sculpre furnished the objects of their blic and private devotion, the naments of their houses, and the story of their families. What as so generally useful, was necesrily attended to: and judgment, not skill, in the liberal arts was dispensable to the comforts, the easures, and the respectability, of ery citizen.

National character is entirely odified by circumstances. The ss of liberty and political indendence had, even in the time of e early Roman emperors, sullied is beautiful portrait: and the reek had already dwindled into e *Græculus esuriens*, the hungry rasite, fawning, intriguing, sube, argumentative, and loquacious. or the display of such talents, e imperial court was the proper eatre: the degenerate Greeks rowded to the new capital in hrace, in numbers sufficient to fix e language, and stamp the nationl character: under weak and suerstitious monarchs, they exercised their licentiousness in morals, nd intolerance in religion; and rom degradation to degradation, ey fell at length under subjection the turban, which they had deberately preferred to an union ith the Western Christians.

A Spartan being asked why he arried a sword of so short a length, eplied, "That I may engage my nemy at the least distance." Aother, who had on his shield the evice of a fly, not larger than life, as asked why he bore so small device, which could not be discerned by the foe: "I'll take care they hall see it," replied the Spartan, and to their cost."

Catullus's fine and natural reflection, "*Soles occidere et redire possunt*," &c. frequently as it has been expressed, has not often been clothed in sweeter verses than the following:

The sun scarce daring to appear
Again in youthful prime shall flame;
Another and another year
Shall view his glorious orb the same;

But ah from me, by sickness worn,
And shuddering at the tomb's embrace!
Each year some darling joy has torn,
And left a sorrow in its place.

For restless youth with rapid wing
Far far away unpitying speeds,
To wint'ry age no second spring,
No second bud or bloom succeeds.

Youth flies to warn the rising race,
With them remains—how soon to leave!
To others yet she lends a grace
Again to promise and deceive.

Friends of my soul—how soon retreat,
Whatever once our hearts combin'd!
The quip, the crank that only meet
A meaning in the kindred mind.

A younger race succeed to bliss,
And bow their heads at pleasure's shrine;
From partial beauty claim the kiss
That once was yours, and once was mine.

BON MOT OF AUGUSTUS.

When Pacuvius Taurus waited on the Emperor to receive some small gratuity or favour (which persons of the lowest rank were in the habit of receiving, and were seldom if ever refused); Taurus, on going away unpaid, told the Emperor that a report had gone abroad that he had received from him a present of money. The Emperor, perhaps not in a very good humour, and offended at the purport of the hint, answered, "Never trouble yourself about what the world says, and never believe a word it utters."

FOR THE EMERALD

PARODY

ON THE 16TH ODE OF ANACREON.

Prithee, tailor, hither come!
With thimble on thy nimble thumb,
And with thy scissors sharp and keen,
Shape my coat of graceful mein;
Let the skirts be fair and wide
Flowing in redundant pride;
For this, as Paris beaux express,
Est tout le mode de politesse.
Enormous let the cuffs appear
Like culverins, to catch the fair,
Wide the sleeves, of bounteous measure:
'Tis the fashion and my pleasure;
The lappels cut—in newest taste
Hanging just below the waist.—
Then hast thou silk of Persia, thin,
All to line the sleeves within?
And full beneath the velvet cape,
Helping thus the shoulders shape,
Let the pledget have a place
—So! my garment grows a-pace.—
But don't forget the gorgeous cape,
And hark you hither—Monsieur Tape;
Get me buttons large and bright,
Something of the naval plight:
And if thy art will serve thee so,
Let the tout ensemble shew
Like that in which young Bobby Smart
Caught the fair Aurelia's heart;
Then I'll hail thee, tailor, great!
Of comprehension fortunate.

Portland, April 12.

TO HANDEL.

SONNET,

Handel, while Lawes lives in Miltonian lays,
O were it possible a muse should rise,
And waft thy music from its native skies,
And swell the chord exulting in thy praise!
But numbers dwell not in the ample maze
Of poesy with that divine surprise
To fill the ear, to lead through mystic ways
Of blissful tone the soul, exalt and harmonize,
Like thee, with hallow'd influence! The glow
Of highest Poetry would speak in vain
Thy heaven-breath'd melodies; thy choral strain.
The awful Organ in sublimest flow,
And Voice of purest skill and power, attain
What Handel is from Handel's self to shew.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE TOMB OF JULIA.

By a Young Nobleman.

Seest thou that sod, which tears bedew
'Twas there I laid my love to rest:
Remembrance, sad, will oft renew
The aching thoughts that rend my breast.

O Julia! dear departed maid!
If spirits ever earthward flee,
Thine, surely, oft has passing paid
A sigh to constancy and me.

Oft have I wander'd round thy tomb,
Oft have I thought of days now past,
Oft wish'd that fate had seal'd my doom
With your last sigh t' have breath'd my last.

One shroud had then our ashes grac'd,
Your silent grave been also mine;
That heart to your's been closely plac'd
Which ever was and still is thine.

But near's the time, that hour draws nigh
When, as foretells this breaking heart,
My spirit shall to Julia fly,
To meet, ah! never more to part!

THE FLOWING AVON.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by whose silver stream,
Of things more than mortal thy Shakespeare would dream;
The Faries, by moonlight, dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillows his head.

The love stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread.
For hallow'd the turf is which pillows his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth,
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillows his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow.
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillows his head.

paging here transposed.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Raymond will shortly publish, he Passions, written by William Collins, nbellished with sixteen superb engrav-gs, by Anthony Cardon, from design by obert Ker Porter; with notes and com-rative review, by the Editor, of the life Collins, as written by Mr. Langhorne d Doctor Johnson. The notes contain o Biographical Remarks and Anecdotes the Poet, which have escaped the no-e of those Biographers.

The Rev. Mr. Cecil, minister of St. hn's Chapel, Bedford Row, is preparing Account of the Life of the late Rev. hn Newton, rector of St. Mary, Wool-th.

Mrs. Murray, the author of Mentoria, in the press, Mentorial Lectures; mprising Remarks on the higher bran-es of Female Education.

A third Book of the Minstrel, in contin-tion of Dr. Beattie's Poem, will shortly ready for publication.

Two additional volumes of Espriella's teresting and Popular Letters from Eng-nd, will appear in a few weeks.

Mr. G. Gottlieb is preparing for the ess, an Account of his travels in North merica, in the Years 1806 and 1807. his work will be illustrated with a con-erable number of engravings on wood.

A Translation of the Thirteenth Book the Æneid of Virgil, from the Text of affæus, by a Lady, with some other po-s, will be shortly published in one vol-e octavo.

Mr. Walter Scott will publish in the urse of the present month, a complete tion of the works of John Dryden, th a Life of the Author, and notes crit-l and explanatory. This edition will comprised in eighteen volumes, demy d royal octavo, and is the first attempt, er the lapse of more than one hundred ars since the death of Dryden, of fur-hing a complete edition of his works.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, is about to blish a new variorum edition of Sir omas More's Utopia. The text is from first English edition of 1551; a book considerable rarity, and scarcely known Bibliographers and Lexicographers. neath the text, will be copious notes, and ious readings from the Latin, French, l English editions, including the whole Dr. Warner's. The Utopia will be ceeded by a Biographical and Litera-ry Introduction; comprehending among other subjects, a complete Catalogue Raisonn of the various editions of the Utopia hitherto published. The work will be ornamented with some fac-simile wood cuts.

DOMESTIC.

Tracy's Monument.—A monument to the memory of General URIAH TRACY, by an equal subscription of his friends, was completed last week. It stands in the new burial ground in the city of Washington. The chaste and elegant form of this tribute to departed merit, does honor to those who erected, as well as him who designed it.

Census of Methodists.—The minutes of the last Conference of the Methodists, held at Leeds, in England, in August 1807, represent the members of that Society to be as follows:

In Great Britian,		110,803
In Ireland,		23,773
Gibralter,		40
Nova Scotia, Newbrunswick, and Newfoundland,		1,418
West India Whites,	1,775	14,940
Colored people, &c.	13,165	
United States whites,	95,628	119,945
Colored people, &c.	24,317	
	Total	270,919

Of these upwards of 109 000 are found in England and Wales, to which may be added 109,000 more, who have not ventured to have their names enrolled; and to these may be added the younger branches of families, making about 218,000 more, forming in the whole nearly half a million of persons.

N. G Dufief, Philadelphia, is preparing for the press, a new work intitled, *The Manual of the French and English Student, or a complete Dictionary of the French and English Languages.* In order to make the work perfect, we understand M. Dufief has introduced all the new words in use, a Dictionary of Sea Phrases in both languages, a Dictionary of Synonymies, and of Homonynies, and that the first volume contains no less than five different Dictionaries.

Collins and Perkins, New-York, have put to press an edition of that very splendid and valuable work, JOHN BELL'S PRINCIPLES OF SURGERY. This edition it is intended shall be equal in every essential point, and be rendered at less than half the price of the English.

POETRY.

THE MARRINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock slung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind.
He dreampt of his house, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn--
While mem'ry stood sideways, half cover'd with flowers,
And restor'd every rose, but secreted its thorn.
Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:--
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of lov'd ones reply to his call.
A father bends o'er him with looks of delight:
His cheek is empearl'd with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse--all his hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Oh God! thou hast bless'd me, I ask for no more."
Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;—
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!
Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel slaps his broad wings o'er the wave!
Oh sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?
Oh sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unbless'd and unhonour'd, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.
No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge—
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!
On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.
Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll:
Earth loses thy patern for ever and aye—
Oh! sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By E. G. Hoven, No. 5, Court Street